The truth inside the locker

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The truth inside the locker

by Johanna_tries

Summary

Frank Langdon is untouchable in the ER. A god walking among mortals - healing and saving people from themselves and whatever situation they're in.

But in the quiet corners of The Pitt, the control he commands in the ER doesn't hold. Behind closed doors, there's no one there to check him, to stop what's simmering beneath the surface. Secrets fester in the empty spaces of the hospital, and when Robby finally sees the truth - neither one of them will walk away the same.

Aka: Instead of a drug problem, Langdon is dealing with his issues through self-harm, which Robby finds out about.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Chapter 1: Who told you?

The scrubs scratch against his wrists, itching, burning with every step he takes. He can't help the way his hands wander, hopelessly flipping the edge of his long sleeves up and down as he follows Robby's steps closely down the hallway.

His mind races with all the millions of scenarios in which this plays out, while his patient protocols and treatments grind in the back of his head like an old computer with too many tabs open.

At the end of the day, he doesn't have time for this, or for any of the massive amounts of *bullshit* that led them here.

But nevertheless, Robby stops cold, and he's faced with him directly - standing opposite in the empty hallway. He's visibly impatient as a hand runs over his face before it settles on the bottom of his cheek - absentmindedly scrubbing. It's as if there's a truth he can't deny - but he's hoping that considering and reconsidering it will turn up an alternate explanation.

When Robby finally takes a deep breath and opens his mouth to speak - the air turns a familiar type of heavy. It's the feeling right before lightning strikes - or right before your world turns upside down with a new trauma running amok.

"I heard there's been some inconsistencies with items in the hospital," Robby says, his voice dropping to a tired rasp, each word stretching in the heavy silence between them. "Bandages. Gauze. Antiseptic. Things that aren't adding up." Robby's eyes wander toward the locker briefly, lingering for a second. Every movement is tight and controlled, like he's a wound-up spring ready to pop.

Frank blinks once, slow, deliberate, but with just a twinge of annoyance. He lets out a sigh, almost bordering on uncontrollable laughter at the situation. Because - he has things to do. An entire ER full of things to do, and this? Not on the Agenda.

"What?" he chooses to say instead, matching the tired rasp as his fingers tap out a familiar rhythm against his leg. One more thing to add - fix his own nervous tics before he heads out into the pit.

As if on cue, the hallway's fluorescent lights flicker overhead, and a mental note pops up in his head - Contact custodians.

He doesn't see the way Robby shakes his head briefly as he inhales sharply. "Frank, have you been helping yourself to things from the ER?" Robby asks.

This time, Frank can't hold back the humorless snort he lets out. It echoes off the linoleum floor - the only thing making a noise in the hallway. It's a stark contrast from the bubbly ER whirring with noise and something to do. But the silence makes Langdon more edgy than a loud hospital does

The accusation is absurd, and he tries shaking it off, continuing as if it were nothing. Water under a bridge. Something rolling off his back. Whatever idiom he can come up with. But it settles in his stomach like a hard rock. A reminder of everything he's done. And everything he hasn't. "Yeah, I've been stealing blood too," Langdon answers, keeping the eye roll closer to his chest. Even he knows when he can't push his luck.

Robby doesn't laugh. No part of his face reacts to the joke. Not a curve in his lip, or a crinkle in his eyes. But he doesn't flinch either.

As a matter of fact - Langdon doesn't see anything but the same strict, cold glare he'd seen earlier in the shift - when he'd been reprimanded for his behavior toward Santos.

"I asked you a question," Robby says, a quiet grief in his voice as his hand reaches out to the lockers - pressing one fingertip against it. There's a dry anger behind it. The type of anger where there aren't any feelings left, just the burning fire churning in your stomach.

"Wait, are you serious?" Langdon scoffs, a frown adorning his face. "What are you doing?" He continues, straightening slightly, as much as his back allows, before narrowing his eyes. "Really?" The air, which had been quiet and tense before, is suddenly thick and electric. As if a switch had been turned on. The last glimpse of redemption thrown out the window, and left is only the ugly truth and disappointment. "Santos?" Langdon shakes his head, turning towards the lockers as he takes a sharp breath in, settling his nerves. Then he turns back towards Robby. His fingers aren't drumming a melody anymore - instead, they're clenching and unclenching. "Whatever the hell she told you is bullshit,"

"I didn't mention Santos," Robby's brow twitches as he says it, an undeniable giveaway for Langdon. If there was anyone else in front of him, Robby would say that the name drop would give away that

something had happened, but the tension between the two of them had been impossible to miss - it's not surprising that Langdon jumped to the conclusion.

"You didn't have to. I told you she's trouble." Frank scoffs, but his voice cracks on the edges. His fingers wander from his own clenched fists to his wrist - pressing in slightly in an even pressure. Not enough to break. Just enough to focus. Enough to bring him back.

"Frank," Robby says, with a voice that's creeping closer to steel. "Have you ever taken hospital property?"

"This is insane. This is completely insane."

"I need you to open your locker."

Frank lets the silence hang for a breath before he lets out a laugh - dry, humorless and hollow. It's the sound of surrender, but the kind that promises if he's going down - so is Robby. "Yeah, right."

"Open your locker."

"You're gonna regr-"

"Open your fucking locker," Robby snaps, his control fracturing in front of him, piece by piece until the only thing left is the raw exhaustion and anger tightly wound inside of him. Usually he wouldn't care about these small, minor things in the grand scheme of everything but not today. But not today. No, today, this is his last *fucking* straw, and it's from his supposed *best resident,* so God will have to forgive him for snapping. "Or, I will have security smash it open."

The hallway swallows the silence that follows. Frank's jaw works as he stares back at him with narrowed eyes. For a second, it looks as if he might laugh again, push this into absurdity, or simply blame Santos. But then, without another word, he turns around. His fingers work by routine, typing the digits into the locker's keypad like muscle memory worn into his bones.

The lock clicks and the door swings open with a groan that's too loud for the tension-wrapped silence.

And Langdon realises that there's a moment where everything stills.

Not a moment where adrenaline forces its way through your body - stopping every moment to a standstill.

It’s that moment where everything freezes, and there’s nothing but dread that keeps you standing.

This is that moment for Frank.

Chapter 2: The confrontation

Chapter Summary

> The ER has always been a place where rumors spread faster than infection, where secrets hide between trauma calls and patient charts.
>
> But with the locker open and the evidence laid bare, there's no denying the truth anymore.
>
> And Robby can't stop it - he can only try to keep Langdon from going too far. Or too deep.

Chapter Notes

> Hi! This chapter came a little early - I hope you enjoy it.
>
> I also want to preface this by saying there's a line where Langdon describes individuals who self-harm as "broken school-girls." This is not my view of people who struggle with self-harm. It's written as an intrusive, judgmental thought Langdon has, which (in my characterization) is part of why he hasn't reached out for help.
>
> If you're struggling, please know you're not alone. Reaching out can feel really scary, but there is help, and things can get better. I've struggled myself, and I promise support is out there. No one should have to go through it alone. Not in real life, and not while reading this.
>
> TTYL. Love y'all's support <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The silence in the room stretches for a second, heavy and unmoving. Only the sound of two uneven breaths fills the space before Robby moves.

He reaches into the locker, yanking Frank's nag out and tossing it aside without a thought. He doesn't need to search - underneath it lies gauze, rolled bandages, a half-empty bottle of antiseptic. And then he sees it: a scalpel. Clean. Wrapped. Waiting.

Langdon can tell by the way Robby stares that this wasn't close to what he was expecting. Robby just stands there. Looking at the items.

Not moving. Barely breathing.

Somewhere inside of Robby's mind, he thought the items that had gone "missing" would be something for his kids at home - or for Abby. Something to make the cost of living easier, or perhaps just make the "everyday" flow by faster. Or, maybe it was something Langdon thought he could sell - or something for yesterday's hangover.

Anything else.

Anything but this.

"Jesus, Frank," Robby whispers, voice barely louder than the insistent click of the fluorescent lights. The room is quiet now. A stark difference from the shift. The loud, overbearing noises of an ER. In here, it's silent. Almost peaceful if you ignored everything else.

Robby turns to look at the man behind him - his colleague, his friend, his mentee, his mess. He leaves the items in the locker like a fresh crime scene - *evidence of the downfall of Doctor Frank Langdon.*

Frank can't bear to meet his eyes, instead choosing to avoid the stare like it's the plague. In some ways, it is.

But, Robby can see it in his body anyway - the way Langdon's curled in on himself, the haunted look behind his mask - the feeling of shame rushing through his body.

But then, Langdon finally lifts his eyes, setting his shoulders like he's preparing for a fight. For the ending of everything, he was.

And he's met by what he never wanted to be. Pitied. The look of sorrow, sympathy, and anger all filling up Robby's eyes. Langdon was never meant to be the type to be pitied. Not the person who would ever be pitied. He's a fucking God in this ER. Not a broken school-girl. And definitely not the person you pitied.

But, the traces of it fill up Robby's eyes, and Langdon can still see it. "Go home, Frank," Robby says quietly, a silent whisper between the two.

But Frank still flinches like he'd been punched. "No, no, it's not what you think." His hands rise defensively, like he's expecting a stray punch or preparing to cling to Robby's jacket until he forgives everything he's done. "It's not like that. It's just to stay focused. Just a release. Maintenance. That's all. *That's all, I promise."*

Robby's face twists, the pity quickly gone and replaced by anger *or helplessness*. Neither of them can tell if it's at Langdon, the situation, or Langdon's insistent belief that he's expendable. "That's all? You're hurting yourself to stay focused, and *that's all?"*

"You know me, Robby." Frank's voice resorts to a desperate plea as he takes one desperate step towards Robby. "You know me. I'm not some psych case. I'm not falling apart. I just needed this. I need to-"

"-punish yourself?" Robby finishes, eyes sharp, but his voice trembles slightly. The last evidence of anything other than anger and pain.

"It's not like th-" Langdon starts, taking a ragged breath in. His voice cracks as he speaks. "You don't understand."

"I don't *fucking* understand?" Robby snaps, instinctively taking a step away as his hand runs down his face. The weight of it all pressing in on him now. The signs, the silences, the missed chances to ask.

"I'm not a danger. I'm not out of control. You've seen me at work. Could someone who's out of control do what I do?" Langdon continues.

Robby's back hits the wall - cold, hard, grounding.

In front of him - Langdon is unraveling, hands twitching, breath uneven. Robby sees it all now - sees how far this has gone. How didn't he notice earlier? *How could an intern notice before his mentor?* The guilt claws at him as his own breath quickens. But he can't do this right now. Or right here.

He takes a shaky breath in. "Give me your keys," Robby says, breaking the silence between them. It's steady and final. Not a question, or an option - just the strict, honest truth.

Frank blinks in response, eyebrows furrowing in shock. "What?"

"Your keys, Frank," Robby replies, calm and firm, extending his hand.

For a second, Frank hesitates, his fingers trembling slightly. Then slowly his shoulders fall down, resigned, and he swiftly digs through his pocket. He pulls out a simple keychain, dropping it into Robby's hand like it weighs a hundred pounds.

"Good. Now go sit in the breakroom, and I'll be there in a minute."

It’s not until after Langdon has walked away, throwing a look over his shoulder with every dragged step, that Robby allows himself to break down.

Chapter End Notes

I'm so sorry this ends on a cliffhanger. Like I said in the previous chapter, I've been struggling with the next 2 chapters for weeks now, and unfortunately, this is all I've got.

I do have the last chapter finished, and it ends on a hopeful note, so I promise in this universe - it all ends up working out in the end, even though this is where this story ends.

Chapter 3: The conversation behind closed doors

Chapter Summary

The breakroom is empty when he walks in - not unusual for the middle of a shift, but, still, relief slips from him in a quiet sigh as he shuffles inside. The old refrigerator hums in the corner, and the fluorescent lights above tick in that familiar, uneven rhythm. Somehow, the noise is both too much and too little all at once.

Too much to let him think clearly - to piece together a plan, find some way to escape, to reason, plead, lie or beg his way out of this. Out of a situation he knows damn well is his own fault.

And yet, the noise is not enough to drown out the echoes in his head - the words that had just been thrown at him, replaying on a loop. Familiar sentences dragging through his mind like tides: pulling back, crashing forward, again and again, relentless.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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Open your fucking locker.

Jesus, Frank

Are you hurting yourself?

Give me your keys.

Breakroom.

If he were a kid again, he'd press his palms over his ears, praying the uneven pressure would dull the noise - praying it would all just go away if he closed his eyes and pretended it wasn't happening.

But he's not a kid. Not today.

Today he's a doctor who managed to fuck up the one good thing he has left in life that doesn't share his blood.

He's not sure why Robby sent him here, or why he kept his keys. Maybe it's a way to keep him close, in case he does something stupid. Or maybe it's just to buy some time for security to gather more incriminating evidence against him.

Either way, as he stands there in the cold, fluorescent wash of the breakroom, a silent prayer slips from his lips; *Don't take this from me. I was stupid. Reckless. But this job is everything. I can't lose this, too.*

He silently slides down the wall until he's sitting on the cold tile, his aching back pressed against the unyielding cement. HIs arms loop around his knees, holding tight. His fingers find the frayed edge of his sleeve - fidgeting, scratching until the sting and burn rise in his skin.

It's almost soothing.

A small grace in the middle of his own destruction.

Five minutes pass.

He counts them meticulously, eyes flickering between the clock and the door each time it clicks - half expecting Robby to walk in, half waiting for security to sweep through. *Or maybe, deep down, hoping Mel finds him first.*

A few seconds after the fifth minute, Robby steps inside. Exhaustion clings to him like a second skin, and a familiar shadow trails behind him.

Dana.

Langdon isn't surprised, not really. But still, something tightens in his chest - guilt, anger, shame, he can't tell which - bubbling up before he can swallow it down.

Dana's eyes find him immediately, soft and deliberate. He can tell, from the way her gaze lingers and her fingers twitch at her sides, that what she really wants to do is pull him into a hug - then yell at him for how badly he's handled this. For how badly he's handled himself. For not reaching out. For thinking he's expendable.

Instead, she carefully steps around Robby - moving in the way only a dancer can. Light, quiet, her steps barely brushing the floor, not lingering long enough to make a sound. She sits down beside him, her shoulder just grazing his. The small, warm contact is almost enough to crack the stoic mask on his face.

Robby's steps, by contrast, hit hard - deliberate, heavy. The kind of stride that announces itself long before he speaks. He stops a few feet in front of Langdon, just close enough to look down on him, but still keeping a deliberate distance.

For a strange moment, Langdon catches himself searching Robby's face for traces of bottled-up disappointment. But there is none. No accusations, no judgment. Just the flickers of something else - exhaustion, frustration, maybe anger.

Langdon has stopped trying to figure out whether the anger is directed at him or at the world.

"You're really doing this," Robby says finally, his voice low and controlled. "Sitting here. Pretending it's fine. Pretending either of us didn't see that just a few minutes ago."

Langdon watches him swallow hard, like the words are spilling out too fast, or like he's trying to make sense of them as he speaks - a mad scientist mumbling formulas under his breath, hoping they'll suddenly add up.

But, Frank's guard is already back in place. He rises to his feet with a scoff, voice flat and cold. "I'm fine."

His eyes flicker between Dana and Robby, caught between them like a tightrope stretched too far - two opposing forces and nowhere safe to land.

"It's fine," he adds as he inhales slowly. "We can just ignore it and go on with our day." His hands fidget at the sleeves of his cribs as he tries to step past them, eyes fixed on the floor.

But, they're faster than he expects.

Dana's hand presses against Langdon's chest, halting him as she searches his face, trying to meet his eyes. Trying to find some way to stop him - to talk. Robby grabs his arm and spins him around, towards him.

They're close - too close. Langdon can feel Robby's breath against his skin as they stare at each other. Robby's grip doesn't loosen; instead, he jabs a finger into Langdon's chest - right where Dana's hand had been pushing just a heartbeat ago.

"You're not going anywhere," Robby says, voice low and steady. "And we're not moving on from anything." His nostrils flare as he exhales, the sound shaky and controlled only by the force of will.

Dana clears her throat and lets her hand drop gently to Langdon's shoulder. "We just want to make sure you're okay." She says softly. "That's all. No lecture. No-"

Her voice carries the same fragile warmth that both men recognize - the kind that only surfaces in moments like this, when there's no right answer and everything around them feels dark.

"Don't," Frank snaps. His voice cracks halfway through, the sound raw and broken. It's an empty threat, a dog with no bark, but it still lands harsher than he means to. He swallows the surprise and bitterness on his tongue. "I don't need to be coddled. I know exactly what I'm doing. I-"

"Stop it, Langdon." Robby cuts him off, his tone wary, edged with the same bitterness. He finally releases his grip, his hand dropping to his side. "Listen," he continues. "You've got two choices. You stay here, and we go to HR together. We'll figure out some kind of leave, maybe treatment, whatever you need." He scrubs a hand through his beard, exhaustion filling up his eyes. "Or your wife comes, picks you up, drives you home. I'll deal with HR after the shift once things calm down."

Langdon lets out a tired, humorless chuckle. The sound only seems to make Robby's jaw tighten with anger. "Ex-wife," he mutters, shaking his head. His eyes drift, unfocused, as if he's trying to fade out the moment - to forget where he is, what he's done.

Dana inhales sharply beside him. "What happened?" she says, her voice barely above a whisper.

When he finally looks at her, he sees the concern flickering in her

eyes, the practiced empathy, the perfect balance of distance and care. She always knows what to say, how to say it, how to stay grounded even when everything's falling apart.

Welcoming. Comforting. Calm. A diamond formed under pressure.

She's always been that way - at least as long as he's known her. But what about before the Pitt?

He shrugs, a short, cold laugh slipping out. "She left, Dana," he says, meeting her eyes as his teeth press into his lower lip. The tears his wife had wanted to see, the openness she'd begged for, had come so painfully back then. Now, they come too easily.

The tears never fall, but he feels them burning just the same.

It reminds him that the same pressure that turned Dana into a diamond had only crushed him into broken rock.

"When?" Robby's voice is rough, tight. He shakes his head, searching Langdonäs face for something - truth, guilt, maybe both. "Why didn't you tell us? What happened, Frank?"

"It was too much for her." Langdon responds, jaw tightening. "My job. My moods. My impulsivity." He lets out a bitter breath, half laugh, half sigh. "Me, Robby, I was too much. And I didn't tell you because it doesn't matter. This-" he gestures weakly at the walls surrounding them. "-this is just work."

Before he can say anything else, the staff room doors slam open as Santon rushes in, her breath caught in her throat. "Dana, Robby - we just got word there's been a shooting. How do you want us to prepare?"

Both Dana and Robby straighten immediately, exchanging a sharp, knowing look that only two people who've worked in symbiosis can understand, before turning back.

"You'll stay here," Dana says, her tone clipped but gentle. She gives his shoulder a quick, firm squeeze. "We'll figure out what to do next when this is over."

Robby's eyes harden as he exhales. "Do not leave this room. Do you understand me?"

Langdon nods - small, quiet, obedient.

And then they’re gone.

Chapter End Notes

This is for everyone who commented and sent me kudos! I love you guys

(and for everyone who reads this but doesn't leave kudos - I love you too, thank you for reading)

Anyways! Next chapter is also being published right now and that's gonna be the last chapter, the finale so to say. I hope you guys enjoy and I aplogise if the chapter is shit, I really struggled with this one y'all! <3

Chapter 4: The smell of a chaotic ambulance bay

Chapter Summary

He told himself, he'd stay put. That's what Robby said - Don't leave this room.

But when the ambulance sirens crept closer by the minute, when the sound of confused interns shouting toward (and at) each other echoed through the hallway and the sight of deceased bodies passed by the glass doors - his body moved before his mind caught up. Call it instinct; years of training overriding guilt, shame and orders.

Chapter Notes

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He doesn't remember walking toward the trauma bay - only the sudden rush of cold air, the smell of blood and metal, and the sound of his own heartbeat roaring in his ears.

The air outside the ambulance bay reeks of exhaust - bitter, metallic and clinging to his throat like burnt copper. It's familiar, grounding, and makes him long for a cigarette between his fingers. Just something to anchor him - to hold, cradle, inhale - and distract him from the biting cold seeping through his scrubs and the truth that Robby has his keys and his phone is dead.

The soft scruff of footsteps pulls Langdon from his spiral. He blinks, lifting his head towards the bay doors, where Dana emerges, her silhouette hazy in the flickering fluorescent lights.

"Thought you left. Got worried there for a sec, kid," Dana's voice is

gravelly, worn down by a shift that dragged too long and hit too hard. The kind of exhaustion that settles into your bones after a Mass Casualty Incident - when tragedy hangs in the air and hope is just a rumor.

When he looks at her, the black eye on her face immediately sticks out. He should be used to it now - but he isn't.

Strangely, he feels some form of tenuous comfort from standing outside the ER with her. She's still standing. So is he. That has to count for something. He's close enough to protect her if he had to. But far enough to keep her from being pulled further into his mess.

"Got nowhere to go," he mutters, voice cracking towards the end. "Besides, Robby has my keys," He clears his voice roughly, choking down whatever emotion is trying to claw its way up. He's trying to put all the broken pieces together - holding them inside. But Dana reaches out, letting a soft hand land on his shoulder. Their eyes meet briefly, and Langdon can see either pity or compassion behind her eyes. He hates this, but there's not much he can do.

Another set of footsteps breaks the stillness between the two - tension in the air rising like static before a lightning bolt strikes.

"You really thought you could just vanish after that?" Robby's voice slides into the quiet, low and tight. There's no anger there, just concern, sticking to the tone like glue, as if Robby is a parent who lost their kid, desperately trying to catch their breath.

Langdon tenses. He doesn't have to turn around to know it's Robby. That voice - low and coiled with control - is all too familiar.

The sound of it sinks into his chest like cold water, and for a moment, he just stands there, staring at the roof. Around him, the city buzzes - sounds of sirens and car horns filtering through him. "I wasn't trying to vanish," Langdon responds, voice flat. "Just needed air,"

"Dana said you walked out without a word. No phone. No Radio. You can't do that,"

Langdon turns, slow and deliberate. His jaw tightens around the words, holding abc something messier and darker underneath. "I didn't ask for a babysitter," he mutters, voice curling into a scoff.

Robby stops a few feet away, arms folded over his chest. "No, you didn't. But here we are," frustration creeps into his voice, and all

Langdon wants to do is shrink, but instead, he shakes his head.

“Why are you doing this?” Langdon turns to face him fully, tilting his head. Anger flares in his stomach. “You’re just my boss. You told me so yourself,” he scoffs, nostrils flaring as he takes one step towards him. “So, why the hell are you acting like more?”

Robby blinks, caught off guard, but Langdon presses on, the words spilling now, laced with anger. “I’m just your best resident, And then-” his voice shifts into a mocking cadence, trying to imitate the words said earlier during the shift. “Not even that if this conversation goes on much longer’”

Before Langdon can add more, Robby clears his throat with a sigh, pinching the bridge of his nose. “You need help,” he says quietly. The words are gentle - but they sting all the same.

Dana watches them for a moment longer - making sure this isn’t the start of a fight she’ll inevitably have to treat. Robby, holding his ground. Langdon, barely holding it together and shaking under the invisible weight.

She tucks her hands in her pockets, cigarette flicked out and forgotten, before quietly retreating back inside. *Let them figure it out*. She’s already been the victim of one too many stray punches today - and besides, she’s not sure they’ll survive much longer without her in the ER. The boys will resolve this, and if they don’t - then she’ll step in.

Langdon’s gaze follows her briefly, longing for a barrier between the two of them, before his eyes snap back to Robby. “What about you, man?” He spits out.

“Wow,” Robby murmurs, not rising to the obvious bait in front of him. For a long, drawn-out second, neither of them moves, the silence between them deafening. For a moment, Robby wonders why he didn’t follow Dana in - then he looks at the man opposite him.

His hands have come up to his face, fingers pressing hard into his eyes. His shoulders are hunched over, trembling - whether it’s from cold or something else, Robby can’t tell. Maybe it doesn’t matter.

A shaky breath escapes Langdon, barely audible. He scoffs at himself, sniffing quietly. “I don’t know what to do,” he says, voice frayed and raw. “I don’t know how to do this. Or how to stop.”

His eyes are darting all over the empty ambulance bay - searching for

an answer and refusing to reach Robby's.

"We do it together. One weak link and this whole place goes to shit - just like you said." Robby says, soft but steady. His voice never quite leaves the low tone, as if its words were just spoken between the two of them. "So, we work together. Help each other out. You're not alone."

Langdon doesn't say anything right away. He lets the word settle in his body before responding. "What's step one, then?"

Robby lets out a soft, short laugh, the sound a little too relieved. "Well, Frank. First, we're debriefing like we always do after a situation like this." His smile is small, but real. "Then, we're having a beer with the team," He continues, taking one careful step towards him. "And after that - you're coming home with me."

Langdon starts to protest, but Robby cuts him off with a slight noise and a hand on his shoulder, firm and reassuring.

Their eyes lock, and for a brief moment, neither of them speak. The silence isn't heavy like last time - just present.

Then Robby nudges him gently, guiding them both back to the ER.

Langdon still doesn't know what tomorrow will bring. Maybe it'll be just as hard. Maybe harder. And for the first time in too long, the thought doesn't fill him with dread.

Because today proved something he wasn't sure of before - he has people on his side who will watch out for him, hold him up when he falls - or drag him into safety if it comes to that.

So, tonight? They'll talk. Then they'll sit - and he will laugh, drink and celebrate a shift well done - all while knowing he's safe and among friends.

Tomorrow? That's something he can worry about then.

Chapter End Notes

> This is the last chapter and it's currently 3am as of posting this. I have 3 drafts of this version so if I publish the wrong on then I'll be so unhappy.
>
> Anyways, TTYL! <3

End Notes

The next chapter will be posted on Monday (or maybe earlier if I have the time to edit it), but this will probably remain as a "one-shot". I have a final chapter, but I have been struggling with the middle part and decided to just upload this.

If there's interest and I still haven't figured out chapters 3 and 4 then I will upload (what was intended to be) the last chapter, of course, with a slight time-skip (as the last chapter is around the last conversation in the ambulance bay between Langdon and Robby).

Also I know he wears short sleeves shhhhh *author magic*

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!